

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. MASON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WILLIAMS,
Arizona.

DR. M. S. JONES,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, NOSE
and Throat Treated Exclusively. Office—
Lafranco Block, opposite Temple Block, Los
Angeles, California. Office Hours—9 A. M. to 12
M.; 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. R. G. CUNNINGHAM,
DENTIST, 120 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS
Angeles, California.

STEARNS & DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ALBUQUERQUE,
New Mexico. "Se Nabria Espanol."

STONE & STONE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Judge Wm. B. Sloan. James J. Hedges.
SLOAN & HEDGES,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Grant Block, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

McCOMAS & CATRON & THORNTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE,
New Mexico.
C. C. McCommas, District Attorney 5d Judi-
cial District, Albuquerque.
Catron & Thornton, Santa Fe.

JAS. T. SAUNDERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office—No. 8, Cromwell Block, Albuquer-
que, N. M.
Will practice in all the courts. All business
entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.
Collections will receive prompt attention.

DR. JOHN F. PEARCE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—
Over City Drug Store, cor. Third and Rail-
road Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

G. S. EASTERDAY, M. D.,
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO. OFFICE,
over City Drug Store. Consultation by
letter will receive prompt attention.

DR. C. M. KIMBALL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—
Over Phelan's Drug Store, Harrison Build-
ing, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hackberry
RESTAURANT!
J. T. DAVIS,
PROPRIETOR.

M. BRADLEY. J. E. WESTLAKE.
Clipper Club
And Sample Rooms,
Railroad Avenue,
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep con-
stantly on hand choice old McBrayer
Whisky and good cigars.

BRADLEY & WESTLAKE, Prop's
SIGN OF THE REVOLVING LIGHT.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LIST

Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods, Notions,

—AND—
Gents' and Boys'
FURNISHING GOODS.

Sent Free on Application to
J. M. HALE & CO.,
7 and 9 Spring Street,
LOS ANGELES.

NOTE.

We make a special business of COUNTRY
ORDERS, having a portion of our store set
apart for that special purpose, and experienced
men at the head of this department insure
satisfaction to the distant patrons of our house.

ABOLISHING CHICKEN STEALING.

One evening before Christmas an at-
tentive eye might have seen a number
of dark forms wending their silent way
down a street in Hoboken. They
moved with an air of grim determina-
tion that could only have been born of
a high purpose. Onward in silence
they stealthily advanced, until the dim
light of the stars revealed to their eager
eyes a signboard bearing the mystic
legend: "Shinbones Smith, artist white-
washer."

"I's yer's de shanty, hain't it?" re-
marked Pete Maguff.

"Yes, dis yer's de place," answered
Jefferson Gilderoy.

Peter then advanced and delivered
two distinct raps upon the door. They
were answered from the inside, and
then the glistening eyes of Mr. Shin-
bones Smith appeared.

"Come in yer, all yo' chumps," said
he.

The company having assembled
around a small red-hot cylinder stove,
Mr. Smith took the chair and said:

"Breddern, we heb met hyer fur a
sacred and solem purpose. De glad
Christmas time am gittin' close by and
de yards ob de white folks will be
stocked wid prime turkeys."

Mr. Smith paused and looked about
to observe the effect of this insidious re-
mark. A general rolling of white eyes
and smacking of dusky lips assured him
that his words had not been in vain.
He continued thus:

"We heb, darfur, dissembled ter
form a society fur de prevention of
stealin' chickens. De constitution will
be in one verse, as follows: 'We de-
signed do hyarby, each an' ebry
mudder's son ob us, swar by Aunt
Chloe's gum shoes dat on an' after dis
date until de second day ob January,
eighty-four, we will not steal chickens.'"

Again Mr. Smith paused and looked
around for approbation. He was greeted
by a dubious shaking of heads, and
Peter Maguff, having unfolded his knotty
limbs, arose and said:

"Look hyar, Bredder Shinbones,
hain't dis yer pusseedin' kinder on-
reg'lar?"

Mr. Smith gazed upon the speaker
with the air of a king, and answered in
a sarcastic tone:

"Mistah Petah Maguff, yo' is too
fresh. You is so blamed green dat ef
yo' was out'n a field de cattle'd take yo'
fur grass and chaw y'up. Listen hyar,
now, ter de rest: 'It bein' understud
dat dis yer agreement does not include
turkey or goose.'"

"Hh-h-h-h-h-h!" was the unanimous
response from the assembly.

"I reckon," remarked Jefferson Gil-
deroy, "dat we mout as well consider dat
motion carried."

"Hol' on," remarked the chairman;
"dar hain't no motion befoah de house
yet."

And Jefferson sat down, impressed
by the parliamentary learning of Shin-
bones Smith. Another brother made
the necessary motion, which was car-
ried, and the meeting closed with the
utmost harmony. But when Pete Ma-
guff had retired to the embrace of his
silent couch, he was sore troubled.

"Whar's de use," he reflected, "ob
furbiddin' de stealin' ob chicken? Sup-
posin' yo' is goin' ter hab comp'ny ter
dinner; yo' want moah on de table den
turkey. Dem dar odder fellers kin do
jis' what dey like, but dis hyar coon is
goin' ter hab chicken with his turkey
an' goose, an' don't yo' disremember
dat, cully."

On the following night the form of the
triangular Peter might have been dis-
cerned moving softly through the
nether gloom of Mr. Arstide Buce-
phalus' back yard. There was a fowl-
house in the back yard, and in it were
proud and pompous turkeys, broad
and waddlesome geese, and plump and pug-
nacious roosters. Peter moved with the
air of settled purpose toward the window
in the side of the house. Producing a
glazier's glass-cutter, he carefully re-
moved the large pane of glass and thrust
his arm in. The lock was easily found,
and in another moment Peter was sur-
rounded by the feathered tempters. He
selected, with artistic judgment a fat
turkey, a fine goose, and a splendid
rooster. Hastily stifling their noise,
he carried them outside and deposited
them in his bag. In another moment
he was out of the yard. But before he
had advanced a hundred feet, three
ghostly forms arose from the earth and
confronted him. Peter dropped the bag
and turned pale—as pale as he could.
The three specters pointed their bony
fingers at him and advanced. Peter's
knees shook, his teeth chattered, and
he made a gibbering attempt at prayer.
The three ghosts were now immediately
in front of him, and they stretched out
their arms as if to embrace him. Peter
uttered a shriek and tried to run away,
but a heavy hand was laid on his
shoulder, and he heard a voice, which
he ought to have recognized, saying:
"Look hyar, yo' chump; we am de
society ter look arter yo'. What yo'
got in dat bag?"

It was Mr. Shinbones Smith. Peter
partly recovering from his terror, said:

"Turkey."

"What else?"

"Goose."

"What else?"

"Nawthin'."

"Peter Maguff, yo' is a liar an' de
truff am not in yer."

The bag was opened and the chicken
found.

"De penalty fur dis defense," said
Mr. Smith, "is dat yo' be well ducked
an' de chicken b'longs ter de chairman
of de society."

And they took Peter down to the river
walk, and, after putting a rope around
him, threw him into the North river
several times. And Mr. Shinbones
Smith took the chicken. But Peter has
since remarked that he's not so green as
he looks, and his private opinion is that
the whole movement was 'put up' by
Shinbones for the purpose of providing
him with a Christmas chicken.—[N. Y.
Times.

The good man never goes wrong.
When going wrong one is not good.

LITERARY DIET.

Colonel Lubermore, after devoting
much of his life's prime to literature,
with a result more disastrous, financi-
ally, than his most ardent ill-wisher
could have desired, opened a board-
ing-house. "There is some difference
between a dealer in literature and a
dealer in hash," said the colonel,
while a blubber of regret gathered in
a corner of his mouth, "but I hope that
by close attention to business I may
eventually make enough of money to
publish my book, a bright work which
blind publishers have, in the pursuit
of trashy stuff, disregarded."

He advertised for literary boarders,
stating in a nearly written card, that he
desired to aid struggling writers. His
house was soon filled, for there are al-
ways enough struggling writers to fill
any ordinary boarding-house. The col-
onel always presided at the table, en-
tertaining the guests with gravity and
little bits of literary glitter. It soon be-
came painfully evident that the colonel
did not intend to give his boarders any
meat but liver. Day after day the
struggling writers hoped for a change,
but each meal brought disappointment.
One day, a bold young struggler who
had succeeded in selling an article to a
drunken editor, turned from his plate
and addressed the colonel.

"I have noticed," he said, "that
you feed us on liver."

"Yes," the colonel replied.

"Do you think, sir, that liver is con-
ductive to refined thought?"

"Yes, it is the moulder of great senti-
ment."

"I am glad to know this, but I would
rather have less liver even at the risk
of losing sentiment. To tell you the
truth, I don't like liver."

"Then you are not a literary man.
Don't you remember what the beauti-
ful Anne Boleyn, in Henry the Eighth,
said of liver:

"I swear 'tis better to be of humble birth,
And range with lowly livers in content
Than to be peck'd up in glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow."

"That is a glorious idea, colonel, but
I fail to discover its relevancy."

"What, don't see the application?
Don't you see that Anne Boleyn wanted
to range with livers? Said nothing
about heart or steak. Craved no sau-
sage nor veal, but wanted liver. I
fear, sir, that you will never become a
man of true literature. Help your-
selves to liver, gentlemen."

"See here, sir, Vennor," exclaimed
an irate citizen, "didn't you predict an
open winter?"

"I—I—yes, I did," answered Mr.
Vennor, pulling himself out of a snow
bank and vainly striving to keep his
teeth from chattering themselves out of
his head.

"So I thought," resumed the indig-
nant citizen, "and, relying on your pre-
dictions, I neglected an opportunity to
buy two new stoves, a roll of flannel and
a dozen blankets at a big bargain. Now
the things are costing me four times as
much," and he tilted Mr. Vennor back
into the snow-bank.

"My prediction was all—al right, my
dear sir," insisted Mr. Vennor, regain-
ing his feet, "and you must not blame
me if you misinterpreted it."

"Indeed! How did I misinterpret it,
pray?"

"It is simple enough. I predicted an
open winter; didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, every day or two the winter
skies open and let down an avalanche."

Judkins when asked why he was mov-
ing out of a house the other day, said
that he had been brought up to the be-
lief that paymental authority must be
obeyed, no matter how much he was
put out about it.

CHAS. ZEIGER,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Liquors, Wines and Cigars.

Largest and Most Complete Stock in the Territory.

Orders promptly filled from any part of Arizona or New Mexico.

—AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS—

Anheuser - Busch and Budweiser

KEG AND BOTTLED BEER.

Corner of First Street and Railroad Avenue, Albuquerque, N. M.

WOODHEAD, PORTER BROS. & CO.,

302 to 310 Upper Main Street, 701 to 709 Alameda Street,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

The Largest Store, the Biggest Stock, and the Best Goods

—AND THE—

Lowest Prices in Our Line of any House on the Coast.

POTATOES, BUTTER, GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT, PROVISIONS, ETC., ETC

If You Want Good Goods, Try Us and be Convinced.

Weekly Price-List Sent on Application.

EVERYBODY

—OUGHT TO KNOW THAT—

D. L. SAMMIS & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Of Albuquerque, - New Mexico,

—Are the Leading Wholesale Dealers in—

FLOUR, HAY,

Grain, Apples, Potatoes, Butter,
Eggs, Fruits, Vegetables
and Produce generally.

They will receive Ten Car Loads of Choice Colorado Potatoes this month.
Also several Cars of Apples.

They are Agents for the

"PRIDE OF DENVER"

And several other popular brands of Flour.

—ALSO—

General Agents for the Atma and Miami Powder Companies.

They fill orders for all descriptions of merchandise at lowest market rates
Send for their "Price Current" and give them a trial order.

D. L. Sammis & Co.,
Albuquerque, - - - - New Mexico

BARKER & ALLEN

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Wall Paper,

SHADES, CORNICES, LACE CURTAINS, ETC.

Nos. 322, 324 and 326 Main Street, near Pico House,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Goods Packed and Delivered at Depot Free of Charge.

C. B. Lawson,

Wholesale and

Jobbing Butcher,

Kingman, A. T.

Cheap as the Cheapest.

Send in your Orders

GRAND CANON
STAGE LINE.

Careful and Experienced Drivers, First-Class Concord Coaches, Fine
Roads, Good Stock and Quick Time.

FARE TO THE CANON, - - - \$5.

New Hotel Just Completed and Opened to the Public. Good

Accommodations, Reasonable Prices.

YOUNG & FARLEE, - - - Proprietors.

PEACH SPRINGS.

M. BARTH & WILSON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Flagstaff, Arizona.

—THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF—

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes,

Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings, Fine Underwear, Blankets,
Quilts and Sheetting, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware,
Glassware and Queensware.

WEST OF ALBUQUERQUE.

Orders promptly filled by mail or express.

Price list sent on application.